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LOS ANGELES

WASHINGTON,

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY CYNTHIA BULLOCK.

A GRADUATE OF THE

NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

"A brief space more of sorrow here below,
Thy pain shall turn to joy, thou child of wo;
Thy heart find rest,—thy darkness clear away,—
And night be changed to everlasting day!"

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BY CYNTHIA BULLOCK,

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TO

THE PRESENT AND PAST

MANAGERS, OFFICERS AND TEACHERS

OF THE

New-York Institution for the Blind,

To whom I owe so much,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

is gratefully and

affectionately inscribed

CYNTHIA BULLOCK.

March, 1847.

623827

mestic character,—destitute of those thrilling occurrences,—those romantic events which the *seeing* are able to seize upon, and elaborate for the general reader.

Most of the pieces are the offerings of friendship, elicited by the kindness of those about her; they are full of deep feeling,—the overflowings of a warm and gentle spirit,—and are pervaded in every line by the presence of an abiding and innate piety.

These circumstances must disarm severe criticism; it is even hoped that the reader may find in the volume something to commend, and that he will rise from its perusal convinced that education may do much to meliorate the condition, and elevate the character, even of the *blind:* that crushing as such an infliction ever must be, it may nevertheless be rendered by intellectual culture, and the aid of religion, not only endurable, but its unfortunate subjects made cheerful, contented and uncomplaining; capable of appreciating, and grateful for the many other enjoyments which a beneficent Providence scatters along the pathway of their dark journey through life.

N. Y. Institution for the Blind,
March 31, 1847.

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LINES

SUGGESTED BY RECEIVING A PEBBLE FROM THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

How valueless soe'er another deem
These voiceless things, to me they precious seem;
They lay unconscious near that burning light,
Who shone in virtue's catalogue most bright.
Oh, Washington! our country's dearest name!
Embalmed in every heart his deathless fame;
Was he beloved—his piety how rare—
And valor, justice, mercy, all dwelt there.
What holy raptures must the soul illume,
Where clustering virtues pour such rich perfume?
Laurels so pure, so nobly, justly won,
Become thy brow, our father, Washington!

Then why will man, image of God most high,
His matchless pow'rs so waste, so misapply?
Why will he leave for toys, truth's fadeless light?
Why chase a phantom when the goal's in sight?
In shadowy distance far the bubble floats,
Pencill'd in view appear youth's roseate hopes,
Infatuate, forgetful of the soul's deep spring,
Innate, a pure, imperishable thing.

The all creative energies of mind,
Were formed to charm and edify mankind.
How oft in pathless labyrinths and dark,
Perplexing fears have rack'd his noble heart;
A whirlpool frowning with a threat'ning air,
And ruin gap'd to plunge his people there;
Hope gleamed but with a momentary ray,
Then smiling passed in murky clouds away.

Though treachery pierce, and lay his soul in dust,
Still in the Rock of Ages firm his trust;
Dauntless he stood, while agonies unknown,
Oppressed his heart with burdens not its own:
That faithful hand on war's tempestuous tide,
Dearer than life, a nation's honor guide.
In faith he sought the lonely forest shade,
Harmonious nature tuneful concert made:
In that dim solitude, with stricken brow,
In humble prayer, I seem to see him now;
There, as he wept, he lay in accents meet,
A nation's sufferings at his Father's feet;
In faith renewed, while promised mercies shine,
Tranquil he leaves the consecrated shrine;
Then shone the hero glorious, most divine,
In courage first, in moral strength sublime.

Ah! let Ambition of her chieftains boast,
Devotion's fire refines, ennobles most.

Too bitterly mankind, in every age,
Have sacrific'd to Fame's insatiate rage;
Millions have bled, that war, in triumph high,
Might stamp a name with immortality,
Rear monuments with matchless skill and art;
E'en genius stoops a tribute to impart,
As if in mockery of the widow's sighs,
The orphan's tears, that pierce the eternal skies;
They pour pernicious flatteries in his ear,
Striving from dark to make the light appear;
As well might light from buried waters spring,
Or desert sands beams of blest knowledge fling:
Though cunning be their sophistry, their skill,
The dark is dark, the light is glorious still.
Mercy, arrayed in seraph radiance fair,
Wept o'er the scene, and fondly linger'd there;
She to the broken heart, as angel dove,
Echo'd sweet music from the land of love,
Then waved adieu, impatient sped her way
Forth to the mercy seat, to praise and pray;
Yet folds her wings, and with propitious smile
Pauses to bless fair Freedom's favorite child.
He taught mankind how from true piety,
Bravery may borrow strength for victory.
As crested billows swell in awful pride,
Then break as vapor o'er the crystal tide,
So must Ambition's proudest fabrics fall,
If love be not the vital spring of all.

In the still air e'en now I hear a voice—
Columbia's sons make truth a nation's choice;
Let high-toned feelings in your bosoms reign,
And prosp'rous wealth and peace attend the train.
We hail the light transcendent from the tomb,
With holy rapture quaff the rich perfume:
Oh, may its rays enkindle in each heart
A patriot's fires, and nobler aims impart.
Then imitate, ye sons of Liberty,
His high career, so fraught with victory,
Yet copy well his faith, resigned and pure,
His honest purpose, and his trust secure.

Oh, Washington! our country's sire! we bless
Thy name, with transports words may not express;
He nursed the tree whose boughs luxuriant shower,
Content and Peace on Freedom's sunny bower;
A beacon light, to give the wandering poor,
A refuge here, from tyranny secure;
Around its rugged trunk the tendrils twine,
Thy people's heart as in one soul combine.
'Twas Freedom's charm by ancient poet sung,
O'er Plato's dreams the rays of magic flung;
This was the star, that with celestial light
In fancy rose, to beautify the night;
Something that might be, yet so sweet the ray,
It seemed of heaven, and thither sped its way.

In Roman senate, 'mid Palmyra's flowers,
In Sparta's glory, fair Arcadia's bowers,—
This was the charm that with Promethean fire,
To high-souled raptures tuned the dulcet lyre;
Above its tone responsive swells each mind,
The spirit felt—seemed half the distance climb'd—
They see through fancy's telescope the while,
Tyrants lay prostrate, and fair Freedom's smile.
When Artaxerxes rolled the mighty car,
Destructive fire and desolating war,
While trumpet blast gave forth the horrid sound,
Threat'ning to crush fair Græcia to the ground,
While naval strength and countless numbers try
To root from earth the soul of liberty,
What nerved with supernatural strength to stand,
The Grecian youth, with flashing steel in hand?
His countrymen in wild confusion bled,
The war-steed prancing o'er the fallen dead,
Singly he fights till pierced at every pore,
Then sinks the hero weltering in his gore:
The sacred gem implanted in the heart,
Their death but kindled to a lasting spark.
Here shines the ray, immaculate and bright,
For which they bled, yet knew not half its might;
Each generous, pure, and noble act of man,
Is garnered safe by God's mysterious plan;
Their fruits die not, as fades the transient gleam;
Though small the act, though trifling it may seem,

Good is not lost, but as the balmy spring
Disperses fragrance from her sunny wing,
Attunes to praise and humble gratitude
The stricken heart, by mercy's stroke subdued;
So mercy smiles upon our dreamy hours,
Strews o'er each pillow Hope's perennial flowers,
Joins with the saints, with faith's illumin'd sight,
To guard the offspring of affliction's night:
Where'er we tread, beatic spirits sweet,
Like faithful sisters guide the wandering feet.
Oh, 'tis so sweet a Father's joy to prove,
To know that Father is a God of love;
When false friends wound, and life's dread dream is o'er,
If flows that fount—the spirit needs no more.

Too long I've lingered on the enchanted ground,
Where amaranthine flow'rs their sweets shed round;
I'd tear myself a moment from this scene,
Where hope looked wan, and life's last struggle dim.
When Jesus bade the fragments gathered be,
Himself the King of all immensity,
A twofold lesson taught. Oh, let us learn
Trifles so small we may not lightly spurn:
Then let us try precept, example too,
To follow, Lord, as thou would'st have us do;
Darkened by sin the ends we may not see,
We'll do the right, and trust the fruits to Thee.

That germ grew high on Græcia's favored soil,
With numerous blessings crowned her children's toil,
Her laws, philosophers, unequall'd shone,
There science bloomed, and Freedom all her own,
Lighted the torch that with enkindling fires,
For death or glory nerved her sons, her sires.

Peopled with life each glade, each grove,
While Hope, fair sister of young Love,
  Flew through the rolling spheres :
Thus sped the hours of pleasure gay,
Till tyrants stole the gem away,
  And left the land in tears.
As when on ocean's tranquil breast,
The threat'ning storm bursts from the west,
  No skill the bark may save ;
Thus strove Demosthenes in vain
To kindle glory's ardent flame,
  Till Græcia fell, a slave.

Look where old ocean's surges dash the shore,
Whose rock bound cliffs with crystal mantled o'er,
Where forests tower, and beasts carniv'rous roam,
And artless Nature paints the red man's home ,
See, on the boisterous bosom of the deep,
A little bark its course unerring keep ;
A pilgrim band look through the misty air,
While joyful voices start the savage ear.

What sought they there, where winter's stern array,
In snowy vestments clad the dreary way?
They sought the charm intrinsic in the heart—
At Freedom's call man's nobler spirits start.

Hail! hail! thou ray ineffable and pure,
While grateful, we its author, God, adore.
Would ye transmit to children yet unborn
This blood-bought gem, offspring of Hope's young morn?
Then point them to your sleeping sires, and tell,
How dear they earned the gem you love so well.
Titles disdain which blind the would-be wise,
While equal rights bid honest merit rise:
Still may your legislative acts proclaim
Ye patriots, worthy of the Christian name:
Enlightened views, guided by wisdom's hand,
Make brave men faithful, and a happy land;
Let not instruction's powerful engine cease—
No, 'tis the safe-guard of our country's peace;
Reft of its aid, free institutions fall—
It is the great sustaining prop of all;
Should not the captain, on the starless sea,
Well read in seaman's law, and practised be?
Much more the sovereign people here require
Knowledge, to steer from Sylla's lurking ire.
With earliest development of mind
Weave virtue's threads around the yielding vine;

With noble aspirations kindly vow,
To stamp the patriot on the infant's brow,
Still with the progress of expanding thought,
Mingle the precepts by our Saviour taught;
Teach them through Nature's beauteous form to trace
The glowing features of Omniscient grace;
Yes, in the schools, where playful childhood meet,
Ere time can deaden, disappointment sweep
Those dovelike feelings of the morning hour,
That gush like dew-drops on the tender flower,
There be religion with each lesson wove,
Cheered by the voice of fond maternal love,
A talisman to shield from vice the while,
Will thus be given, clothed with ethereal smile.

There is a spell, that, like the Circean tone,
Detained Ulysses from his boyhood's home,
Comes o'er the soul when pictur'd innocence
As once we felt, gladdens the weary sense—
Man's early joys, like the translucent stream,
That gaily dances in the sunny gleam,
Ere are congealed in one unyielding mass,
Those crystal drops that now so gently pass.
Such is the heart when youthful virtues fair
In clustering circles greet the mother's prayer,
Alive to love, and mutual sympathy,
Each thought is mirror'd in the expressive eye.

How fair seems life, with fairy beauty strewn,
While Friendship claims each gentle one her own!
Alas! they dream not in those golden hours,
That sorrow sleeps imbosom'd in the flowers;
Oh, while the heart from seraph touch above,
Is thus attuned, strengthen the cord of love,
Let moral worth, and self-denial shine,
In their true value, paint the joys of time;
Bid them contemn the heartless flatterer's sway,
Let conscience guide, and God approves the way:
What though tempestuous billows rudely foam,
And bleak winds tell the autumn hour hath come,
He soars above the yawning gulf of ill—
True principles allure to glory still;
Torture they may the outward man, still bright,
The mental lamp emits a sacred light;
Custom may change, ambition freeze the heart,
Its depths forget their treasures to impart,
Lost to the world, in deep oblivion's cell,
There sleeps a chord, if rightly touched, will swell;
As the Æolian harp may never sing,
Save when the zephyr wakes the trembling string;
Oh, then how soft, how plaintively and low,
As whispering angels seems its voice to flow.

Thus may the soul, bending its tyrant chains,
If rightly touched, wake to harmonious strains.

Then be it yours to act the godlike part,
With pearls that fade not early deck the heart;
Pray that your sons, who sit in council, be
Discreet in wisdom, honor, piety;
Propitious then our father, God, will prove,
Flourish we shall, the objects of his love:
Vain might a people unenlightened, try,
In sovereign rights, with you in strength to vie;
The Constitution we so prize, adore,
Would be as diamonds in Brazilian ore.
Then patriots, rise, your sacred rights sustain,
Let rugged freedom o'er each spirit reign;
Improvement's march, with intellectual worth,
Proclaim you worthy of a freeman's birth.

Nursed by our love, vibrates in magic tone,
The dear remembrance of our Washington!
The father, hero, patriot, Christian, friend,
In him all centre,—in one temple blend.

Spirit Immortal, on celestial wing
From light descend, thy hallowed influence bring;
Pervade each heart, inspire our rulers, too,
To emulate, and in thy steps pursue;
Thy virtues shine more bright through time's decay,
They borrow lustre from its passing ray;
The world admired, and God pronounced thee blest,
When bravery chose religion for its crest.

Omnipotent, our King supremely bless,
Who clothed creation with her loveliness;
Genius and valor, wealth and power complete,
Appear most brilliant at the Saviour's feet.
If these be offered, priceless wisdom won,
The happy choice, you'll ne'er repent when done:
We'll weave within the heart's unfathomed core
Each new found treasure of our native shore;
We'll not forget our father, God, to thee
We owe these blessings—peace and liberty.
Affliction's sons around her altars twine,
To shower fresh garlands on our natal shrine,
Who bade ambition's tempting laurels flee,
And sought alone her children's liberty.

Then hail thee, Washington! thou soul of truth,
Our country's idol, and the theme of youth,
Words are inadequate, and feebly speak
How thou art cherished with affection deep:
This pebble mute, that bade my soul transcribe
The happy thoughts that from its sources glide,
While Reason smiles, and Hope's bright blossoms be,
And dim life lasts, shall ye be dear to me;
I've tried to touch an angel's thrilling lay,—
The spirit lives,—its numbers die away.

TO CATHARINE.

Sister, the world is not so drear
As we have fancied long;
For every tear there is a smile,
For every sigh a song.

Sorrow hath never swept a string,
But joy that measure knew;
For every wound the stricken feel,
Mercy hath healing dew.

When all in aspect gloomily
Darkens the troubled sight,
Let 's light the candle of the soul,
And dissipate the night.

Perchance there dwells, in its recess,
A thought that should not be,
Which paints what else were beautiful
In hue of darkest dye:

But if o'er golden prospects bright
Total eclipse be cast,
And weary life, in agony,
Would end this strife at last,

Look up, Look up! there is a fount
Whose waters never fail;
Immortal breezes kindly blow
Comfort in every gale.

There, may thy wounded spirit find
Rescue in humble prayer;
Slander may pierce, but Jesus loves;
Sister, our Father 's there.

TO MISS J. C*****.

Oh, bid me not, sister, the soft lute awake,
My heartstrings are yielding, are bursting, they break;
The pitiless blasts of adversity blow,
And veil my young joys in the winter of wo.

Oh, sister, I lov'd you so fondly, so true,
That life was all sunshine, when gladden'd by you;
From bliss so exquisite, I wake wretched, forlorn,
To dream of the flower, but gather the thorn.

Oh, happy are ye, who are never to prove
The shaft of the false one, the slight of your love;
Ye may smile 'mid your tears, for they soon cease to flow,
But mine find no respite, no, never, no, no.

Go, join the gay throng, they are waiting for thee,
Be blithesome, sweet sister, yet think not of me;
Let me linger alone in this quiet retreat,
My sorrows unbosom, yes, yes, let me weep.

Serenely I'll meet thee, and kiss thy dear brow;
May the bright morn behold thee as playful as now.
My days as an offering to God shall be given,
My hopes, my affections, are laid up in heaven.

TO H. M.,

ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, WHO WAS BORN, MARRIED, AND DIED ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

The New-Year's morn in splendor breaks,
  Calls Nature to rejoice;
This day young hearts, with rapture, make,
  Above the rest, their choice.

Oh, 'tis a mad, a mirthful day,
  To those whom sorrow ne'er
Came like a hurricane, to dash
  Their brightest hopes in air.

"To me it is a day of days—
  It dawn'd upon his birth,
It saw me wed to one I loved,
  It saw him pass from earth.

"Ah, then, blame not the bitter tears,
  That stain my cheek the while;
I know it is a joyous time;
  I would, but cannot, smile.

"Fair to your view, may every star
With fadeless beauty shine;
'Tis sweet to know that others feel
What never can be mine.

"Unseen, save by a Father's eye,
I'll raise a feeble prayer,
Asking assistance from on high,
The blighting stroke to bear.

"Then, for the sake of those I love,
I'll cheerful try to be,
Suppress the sigh, restrain the tear,
And smile the hours away."

ON TEMPERANCE.

Heard ye not the joyful tidings,
  Far along the breezes borne?
Back the glad response is echoed,
  'Tis the dawn of Truth's bright morn.

Hell's own child is banish'd from us,
  Broke his iron chain of death;
Fell destroyer, flee thou from us,
  Truth loves not thy tainted breath.

Vainly, now, thou peace-destroyer,
  Seek thy hated life to save;
See, the pledge thy power hath broken;
  Monster, thou hast found a grave.

Glad, the drunkard hastes to leave thee;
  Welcome heaven-born peace once more;
Hope hath tuned his soul to gladness,
  Sorrow's death-like night is o'er.

See, the hearth-stone, once deserted,
  Bright with joyous smiles again;
Peace and plenty smile around him,
  Children bless their Father's name

Temperance, thou hast well accomplish'd
All thy friends had hoped for thee;
Future bards shall tell thy story,
Sing the wonders wrought by thee.

NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS,

TO OUR FORMER SUPERINTENDENT, MR. WM. BOGGS.

Our hearts with joy o'erflowing,
Would breathe the earnest prayer,
"That life's most holy blessings
May crown the coming year."

Oh, may the flowers of friendship
Their sweetness o'er thee shed,
And fadeless joys celestial
Be showered on thy head.

Thus would we live to bless thee,
Kind teacher, ever dear,
And pray that heaven would take thee
To a purer, brighter sphere.

While joyous we are singing,
In truthful love sincere,
To all who love our teacher,
A happy, blithe New-Year.

TO REV. FOSTER THAYER,

On his bringing to the Institution the Book of Common Prayer, which, through his benevolent exertions, had been printed in embossed character for the Blind.

Oh, when the ethereal breath of joy
  Steals softly through the heart,
And from its hidden fountain bids
  The light of gladness start;

Ye that have wept and hoped for things
  Too pure for earth, it seemed—
So beautiful the vision shone—
  'Twas but a golden dream!

Ye who have felt the heartstrings sing,
  With rapturous delight,
As in resplendent beauty burst
  The cherished thing of light.

Voice of our Church, thy page I trace,
  Star to her children given,
To cheer and animate their zeal,
  And speed their flight to heaven:

Engraven on her people's hearts,
In characters of love,
Thy truths from poisonous heresies
A glorious bulwark prove.

Thanks for the precious boon, dear friends,
And God, who loves to bless
The blind, will not forget to own
This work of righteousness.

Ye cannot see the tear of joy
Steal down the grateful cheek,
Nor read the heart's deep utterings—
Language may never speak.

Recorded by our Father's hand,
They stand in bright array,
And ye shall reap their glorious fruits
When earth has passed away.

EXCELLENCE OF PRAYER.

'Tis pleasant, as fadeth the red light away,
And the hushed voice of Nature is tranquil and low,
At the footstool of mercy repentant to pray—
To drink from that spring, whose immaculate flow
Gives health to the spirit, and calmeth the breast,
Makes earth seem as heaven, and heav'n doubly
blest.

The sun of the Christian, his anchor, his all,
That filleth his soul with the incense of prayer,
Though the measure be steeped in the bitterest gall,
'Tis sweet, for the smile of his Savior is there,
And angels are whispering—thy trials soon o'er,
Thy wounds shall be healed, and thine eye weep no
more.

Though death from his bosom the fond idol tear,
And false friends deceive but to laugh at his pain,
And leave him forsaken all starless and drear,
To writhe in the fetters of sorrow's harsh chain,
There's a solace in heaven to dry every tear,
'Tis the music of hope, 'tis the fragrance of prayer.

How precious the Bible, how cheering that word,—
Though all may forget thee, I'll never forsake—
How it vibrates, harmoniously, thrilling each chord;
Though high the rude billows impetuous break,
There 's a voice, at whose bidding their raging must cease,
Who filleth the hearts of his chosen with peace.

Affliction is lost in the richness of faith,
'Tis nought when the gleamings of mercy are bright:
The thing of a moment, 'tis conquered by death,
And the free spirit bursts in the radiance of light,
For ever to sing, through those regions so fair—
'Twas redemption that bought me—I entered with prayer.

Oh, let me be near thee, my Savior, my all,
To bow at thy footstool, thy precepts obey,
To walk in thy statutes, to follow thy call;
And oh, when the dim light of life shall decay,
May my last breath go forth with rejoicing and prayer:
I ask but this only; thou blessed One, hear.

RENUNCIATION OF THE WORLD.

I renounce thee, oh world! with thy pleasures so
bright,
Mere phantoms, the breath of a moment may blight;
Bright visions may beam, yet, e'en while we gaze,
Like dark clouds they vanish 'midst star-light's soft
blaze.

Ah, sister, I'm weeping o'er childhood's bright day,
Like sweet summer flowers, too soon pass'd away;
A withering blast on my spirit has come,
And sorrow has made this lone bosom its home.
Then chide me not, sister, but bid me farewell,
For I must away to the convent's lone cell;
My heartstrings are breaking, yet still a sweet tone
Vibrates to the praise of the Father, alone.

Yet I'll not forget thee—no, sister, most dear,
In my heart's best affections still, still shalt thou share:
At sweet vesper hour, shall my prayer nightly be,
"Ye angels of mercy, her kind guardians be:"

May truth, love, and mercy around thee still beam,
Nor dark cares, intrusive, disturb thy bright dream—
In life's peaceful sun-set thy last breath be given,
Like sweet flowers, to bloom yet more fragrant in
Heaven.

How blest be our joys, when our spirits are fled,
Where the sigh is not heard, and the tear is not shed;
With our harps sweetly tuned to the anthems of love,
How calm may we rest, in the regions above.

TO THE MANAGERS.

Yes, the heart hath a voice; oh, that heaven breath'd
word,
From the depths of the soul, let its tones oft be heard;
Then awake, oh, my soul, touch my heart's sweetest
string,
Lest with fulness it burst, let me sing! let me sing!

I cannot praise you, your deeds alone tell;
At sweet Sympathy's call, your kind bosoms swell,
Yes, friends of the blind, how oft has the voice,
In its soul-speaking tones, bid each lone heart rejoice.

With joy would you open each new source of light,
While gay beats each rapturous heart with delight;
A Savior's command was not given in vain—
"The mind's eye is opened, the blind see again."

Perchance you have wept o'er the children of night;
'Twas ne'er ours to gaze on a beauty so bright;
But Mercy's kind angel has smiled on you—then,
Recorded in Heaven, is "sympathy's gem."

At morn and at eve, shall our prayers still arise;
Accept the poor offering, thou Father, all-wise;
May hope, peace, and love, o'er your pathway still
shine,
Strewed with flowers celestial, that fade not with
time.

And when the last tie of affection is riven,
May angels conduct you in triumph to Heaven;
Arrayed in bright glory, the Savior shall stand,
In gladness to place you upon his right hand.

All radiant with mercy and love, shall He say,
While seraphs before him their bright crowns display,
"The blind and the orphan were heeded by thee;
Well done, faithful servant, abide thou with me."

With joy may we greet you, in that world so bright,
Where the sun gives no lustre, "the Lamb is our
light;"
Pure seraphs, with harps tuned to anthems divine,
Shall come forth to welcome the friends of the blind.

TO A FRIEND.

'Tis twilight's soft hour, and the starry train
Have come to revisit the earth again,
And the moon, celestial queen of the night,
Is shedding around her silvery light.

My heart's sweetest numbers I'm calling forth here,
To sing of the friend, whom I cherish so dear;
A gem from my garland I've culled, pure and bright,
'Tis Friendship—enraptured, I sing with delight.

Ah, who would not love thee—so gentle and mild,
Friend of the orphan, affection's own child:
Enshrined in my heart shall thy mem'ry still be;
Each night I am breathing a soft pray'r for thee.

May blessings the choicest be poured on thy head,
And Hope's softest radiance around thee be shed;
May the bright star of peace o'er thy pathway still
shine,
And pleasures attend thee, belov'd Caroline.

TO MISS E. ADAMS.

Softly awake, my slumbering lyre,
While sacred Friendship shall inspire
The depth of holy love!
Oh, Emily, sister! dearest one,
Thy care my grateful heart hath won,
My spirit's joy shall prove.

Oh, still may Hope's ethereal beam,
Amid life's desert, brightly gleam,
And drive sad thoughts away.
Oh, ever may life's fleeting hour
Be beautiful, as rosy bower,
Peaceful as sun-set ray.

A tuneful bird is warbling near,
Whose numbers seem so bright and clear,
As from the ærial choir,
He seems in joyous tones to say,
Oh, come with me, from earth away;
To purer joys aspire.

Oh, ever may life's current be
As gay as bird, from sorrows free;
And when, earth's conflict o'er,
Bright seraphs bear thy soul above,
Where harps, attuned to holy love,
Breathe praise for evermore,

To Him, whose all-creative might
Calls suns, and worlds, and stars to light,
E'en rainbow tints, so bright;
Then may I *see* thy much loved face,
Whose features here I might not trace,
No more the child of night.

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. PETER A. SCHERMERHORN,

A MANAGER OF THE NEW-YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE BL'ND.

Hark! from the eternal throne of God,
Come holy voices, soft and sweet;
Seraphs and saints, on glory's wing,
Go forth our Christian friend to greet.

Here, Love's own harps are out of tune,
Whose tones were wont so sweet to play;
His smile had gladden'd every string;
Then passed, like morning dew, away.

A mother, in the depths of wo,
Weeps for her bosom's idol gone;
He was her pride—in age her staff—
Light of her smile—her cherish'd one.

His voice was music to her soul,
Whose tones would pure affection wake;
Then let the tide of grief burst forth,
Lest her full heart with sorrow break.

One stood in speechless agony,
Then looked on death, so icy cold—
In virtue's bloom—in manhood's prime—
There slept the brother of his soul.

Ye played in childhood's rosy hours,
When life 's so like a fairy dream;
Angels have borne his spirit hence,
But left for thee Hope's golden beam.

Love tuned a lyre, whose trembling chords
Made holy harmony complete;
But death has sever'd now its strings,
And left the widow'd one to weep.

Yet, softly o'er her bleeding heart
Peace smiles, while hopes immortal dawn;
Oh, give her grace with faith to say,
Father, thy holy will be done.

Our patrons mourn their colleague lost,
Whose heart was Mercy's chosen seat;
We have the fragrance of his deeds,
Though in the cold, damp vault he sleeps.

But when life's changeful dreams are o'er,
Soar ye on Faith's triumphant wing;
There with the husband, father, friend,
The Savior's praise for ever sing.

ADDRESS,

Spoken in the Assembly Chamber, Albany, before the Honorable the Legislature of the State of New-York, March 18th, 1845.

When mingled love and gratitude,
Their fragrance o'er the spirit fling,
Oh, then the heart must utterance find,
Or fade the flow'r—untune the string.

Ye patriot band, our country's hope,
We, standing in your presence here,
Would grateful speak your generous deeds—
Would offer all, our thanks sincere.

At your command, the desert mind
Blooms, with celestial beauty bright;
And Hope, awaken'd in our hearts,
Points onward to a purer light.

When Græcia rear'd her mighty domes,
Her muse unrivall'd still sung on;
And science, art, and knowledge, then,
Their empire o'er the mind had won;

Yet sorrow languished in her midst;
The *Blind*, unaided, wept alone;
The flow'rs of charity and love
Bloom'd not beneath the Parthenon!

But you have touch'd the sweetest string,
To earthborn children ever given;
Whose tone, though faintly echo'd here,
Will vibrate in the courts of Heav'n.

We cannot look on Nature's face,
Old Ocean's breast, or Cataract's fall,
Or view the star-gemm'd arch above,
Or see the smile, more dear than all.

A deeper gloom our spirits knew,
Lock'd up in hopeless night to mourn;
The soul, unfed, for knowledge wept—
No ray, no light, to rest upon!

But now, the sightless see again,
Illum'd by truth's celestial ray,
While music's thrilling note of joy
Life's every care may chase away.

We bless the Legislative band,
Who made our life's young day so bright;
Who bade the gems of knowledge shine,
And gave us intellectual light.

Oh, 'tis a pleasant thing to dwell
In this dear, favored land of ours,
Where your enlighten'd charity
Hath strewn *the blind girl's path with flow'rs.*

If ye have wept for us the while,
We cannot see the tear-drop move;
But He, whose voice is mercy's law,
Hath registered that gem of love.

Our hearts with grateful feelings full,
Have in one voice our pow'rs combin'd;
For you the earnest pray'r is breath'd,
Lord, bless the fathers of the *Blind.*

NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS,

TO MR. S. J., INSTRUCTOR IN THE NEW-YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

Serene and tranquil, as the dawn
Of this ethereal, happy morn,
Life's even current flow;
While flowers, that boast a holier birth
Than aught may taste that breathes on earth,
Their sweets around thee throw.

May truthful virtues, ever bright,
A halo of unfading light
Around thy spirit fling;
While piety's ennobling ray,
Chasing the threat'ning clouds away,
Smile in perpetual spring.

And when the star of life shall shed
Its last faint lustre o'er thy head,
May Hope's soft voice be there:
Thus, in this offering, let me blend
The heart-felt wishes of a friend—
A blest, a happy year.

TO THE REV. MR. BRANDEGEE,

ON HIS LEAVING THE CHARGE OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AT THE INSTITUTION.

Dear friend, though now the sad farewell we speak,
Ne'er shall the bonds of holy sympathy,
In which our hearts are knit, dissolve; ah, no—
For Christian friendships formed on earth, though dimm'd
By parting tears, will stronger grow in heaven.

We have beheld the patient work of love,
Thy self-denial for the sake of Christ;
Thy soul-expressive prayer, that God within
His fold would gather all the straying lambs.
Think not thy ardent zeal we can forget—
No, never, while the light of memory lasts.

Then, Christian brother, in the strength of God,
Armed with the panoply of faith, go forth—
In that dear Church, watered by martyr's tears,
And nourished by the blood of saints, go work.

Oh, may the unction of the Spirit cleanse
Thy soul from every taint of sin; and peace,
Such as the blessed only know, there dwell.
And when thou shalt grow sick at heart, and sin,
Vaunting, shall laugh thy groans to scorn,
Oh, sink not, in that frightful hour, but turn
To those dear names, who died to rear that Church,
In which thou art a priest. Then, on! for Christ,
And weary not, till the hard fight be o'er;
Then, with the Church triumphant, shalt thou blend
Thy voice with martyrs, and the blest of old.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

They charm my soul at the daylight's close,
When the dew-drop hath spangled the breast of the rose;
In the forests dim, by the mountain stream,
Far sweeter than music their voices seem;
In the pleasant haunt, in the greenwood bowers,
Around me they scatter unfading flowers;
In the midnight watch, at the day's first peep,
Such thoughts are the first to awake me from sleep;
Companions unfailing, they 're faithful and true,
Deception ne'er sullied their beautiful hue.
And oh, when the bright dreams of pleasure are gone,
And Hope's rosy garlands lay wither'd and strewn,
When weary of sighing, and shrouded in gloom,
Heartstricken thou seek'st but the rest of the tomb,
If thou hast remember'd the sick and the poor,
Nor turn'd the sad orphan, unfed, from thy door,
There's comfort in Heaven, poor wand'rer, for thee,
The welcome of angels shall happy thoughts be.

Thou wilt find, when the will of our Father is done,
The hard battle fought, and the victory won,
Each trial, each pang, if resigned thou hast borne,
Is a glorious jewel thy crown to adorn.

DEDICATED TO MISS RICHARDSON.

O, spell of the senses most dear,
Remembrance of fond ones beloved,
I sigh for thy soothing touch here,
Ah, now let thy magic be proved:
As the weary would fly to a refuge of rest,
E'en thus I invoke thee, thou brightest and best.

How pleasant, how blithesome those days,
When life seemed affection's own smile,
My mother with untiring gaze,
Watched over her mischievous child,
Sweet memories are clustering, whose radiance so bright,
Illumine my soul like the star's mellow light.

Kind fancy, a second birth gave,
To pleasures I knew long ago,
And call'd from their long-buried grave,
Those time-hallowed feelings that flow
And sparkle, like gems on the ocean's white crest,
To soothe me in sorrow,—still near me when blest.

Ye musings, to friendship so dear,
Awhile o'er my spirit hold sway,
The past to mine eye brings a tear,
But the present hath chas'd it away;
Resigned to the will of omniscience above,
I seek not to dazzle, I trust in his love.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, a pure and changeless flower,
Whose placid smile shall be
The light of every lonely hour,
Sister, I offer thee.

It will not fade, though rolling years
May steal life's joys away,
No, 'tis most beautiful in tears,
Then brighter beams it ray.

Yes, when each airy dream is o'er,
By truant fancy wove,
And youthful sports delight no more,
And age a winter prove.

Then shall this flower a fragrance bring,
To soothe the wounded part,
And, like the ivy, fondly cling
More closely round the heart.

Then take this pure and changeless flower,
Whose placid smile shall be
The light of every lonely hour—
Sister, 'tis worthy thee.

NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS,

TO THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE N Y. INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

Gently awake, my slumbering lyre,
Thou grateful love my soul inspire,
To touch the sweetest string ;—
To thoughts that reach the human heart,
And bid the tide of feeling start,—
My spirit loves to sing.

The rolling year has passed, yet we
From death, and life's worst ills, are free,
Illum'd by hope's sweet smile,—
And others who in darkness mourn'd,
Now rise to hail a glorious morn,
And bless your names the while.

Yes, friends and patrons ever dear,
We tender you our thanks sincere,
And hope through life to prove,
How much we prize your watchfulness,
To make each coming year more blest,
More fraught with peace and love.

Oh! may religion's hallow'd ray,
Cheer and beguile life's doubtful way ;—
Your spirits tune to pray'r ;
Our grateful hearts these wishes bring,—
Accept the humble offering,—
A happy, blithe, New-Year!

LINES,

COMPOSED FOR AND RECITED AT A DONATION PARTY.

How swiftly o'er the spirits steal
Devotion's glowing fire,
With bliss that only angels feel,
The humble breast inspire.

Yes, we have come this pleasant eve,
Our voice with your's to blend,
Then deign our tribute to receive,
And blessings each attend.

We would, beloved pastor, thee
With warm affection greet,
For we have seen how tenderly
Thou feed'st thy Father's sheep.

Thy little flock will ever keep
Their vigils at thy side,
They hear thy voice, and will not sleep,
For sluggards, woes betide.

May He who o'er Judea trod,
Be present in each heart,
The holy Spirit from our God,
Its kindling rays impart.

Then let thanksgiving's voice ascend
To his eternal throne,
While for our honor'd, absent friend,
Mingle our prayers as one.

He left his cherish'd home so dear,
Frieuds of his early youth,
To shed o'er minds benight and drear,
The light of gospel truth.

And he will bear the Savior's cross
Through blighting wo and care,
Counting all other things as dross,
If Christ be with him there.

So, friends and pastor, let us hope
To meet in glory's light,
Then give the kindly feeling scope,
Let mutual love unite.

Now let your hallelujahs rise,
God's presence is reveal'd,
While angels bear to upper skies
The fruits this night will yield.

We'll meet our absent friend in heaven,
When transient life is o'er,
There strike the harps by Jesus given,
For we shall weep no more.

WRITTEN IN A MOMENT OF SADNESS.

They passed me by unheeded,
As a poor and worthless one,
And my heart had nought but sorrow
To feed itself upon.

Oh, they were blithe and gladsome,
In that happy hour of glee,
And their hearts beat high with rapture,
Yet not one beat for me.

Alas! I seemed a stranger
'Mong those I loved so dear,
Beneath a smile I only
Concealed the bitter tear.

Sweet spirit of my mother!
When may I come to thee?
Each day the lesson teaches—
This world is not for me.

I'm not a thing of fashion,
To tread a thornless path,
But I'll try to be a Christian,
And do the works of faith.

I bring an humble offering,
A broken heart alone,
Oh! take it, God of mercy,
And seal it all thine own.

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

Oh! I have heard sweet voices here,
  Voices that gave my spirits joy;
Tones that had power my heart to cheer,
  Should sorrow e'er my peace alloy.
And though I loved those tones to hear,
'Twas not thy voice, my mother dear.

When sickness racked my feeble frame,
  Strangers have kindly o'er me smiled,
And soothing words of comfort breathed,
  In tones that oft my heart beguiled;—
Then from thy bright and starry sphere,
Oh! bless that deed, my mother dear.

And in my dreamy slumbers oft,
  My mother, I have heard thy voice,
In soft angelic whispers breathe,—
  Words that have bade my heart rejoice:
"Fear not, my child, 'tis thine to share
My glory in the upper air."

In duty's path still I'll pursue,
  Thy precepts ever I'll obey,
And hope, when life's rude storms have passed,
  To dwell with thee in endless day;
Life's many ills I'll calmly bear,
If thou but smile, my mother dear.

Yes, when earth's pilgrimage is o'er,
  My soul may wing its flight above,
There with the angel choir to wake
  Anthems of never-dying love;
And, in that bright, celestial sphere
I'll *see* thy face, my mother dear.

TO MY FLOWERS,

ON SEEING THEM NIPPED BY THE FROST.

Oh, let me weep, ye gentle flowers,
I've nursed so long, so tenderly;
How can I bear to see ye droop,
To see ye languish, fade, and die.

Oh, how I loved, at dewy eve,
To steal unnotic'd, and alone,
To tear away the noxious weeds,
And trace your blossoms, one by one;

And as I held sweet converse there,
Sigh'd for that better land, whose flowers
Fade not; where, with the cherish'd here,
We meet in Love's ethereal bowers.

Will not ye, as Arabia's bird,
From your own dust in strength arise?
Will ye not bloom, and soothe the heart,
So bathed in grief, so torn with sighs?

I knew not that its tendrils twined
So round these dear, unconscious things,
That with their fading lustre, gushed
Sorrow unfeigned, from love's deep springs.

As faithful will I nurse ye still,
As when, in your exquisite bloom,
In payment of my anxious care
Ye gave in turn your sweet perfume.

Ye are not lost, for bright-eyed hope
Whispers in soothing accents, low,
"They'll bloom again."—I feel its truth,
Oh! speak my flowers, is it not so?

I'm weary of a heartless world,
Sorrow and sin, joined hand in hand
Have formed a chain, whose iron links
In bondage hold our happy land.

Hopes early crushed, and fruitless sighs
Luxuriant grow, in evil soil,
The heart in agony still bleeds;
The dearest, brightest wish is foiled.

Yet, when life's boist'rous billows roll,
Threaten my bark to swallow up,
If Jesus smile amid the storm,
I cheerful drain the bitter cup.

There on the Eternal rock I rest,
His bosom shall my refuge be,
Though sightless now, by faith illum'd,
With mental eye, his face I see.

I would not seek a brighter sphere
To bask me in a prosp'rous sun,
Till, by affliction kindly taught
To prize the peaceful rest when won.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT,

OF MR. WILLIAM BOGGS, FORMER SUPERINTENDENT.

Room, seraphs, for a child beloved,
Our God to you hath given:
Behold, how beautiful a flower
May deck the courts of heaven!

Then welcome ye the lovely babe,
Awake your choral lays,
There, ever be her infant lips
Tuned to our Father's praise.

Oh! wake not thou, sweet mother dear,
That note of bitter wo;
Deep buried in the dust of grief,
Thy soul no peace may know.

Light of thy smile thy darling was,
A voice of joy to thee,
A hope whose every throb was sweet
With love's own harmony.

I know thy harp is out of tune,
Its light hath passed away,
Just when began its sweetest strings
Around thy heart to play.

Yet on this hour so darkly sad,
Dawns hope's celestial smile :
He hath not left you comfortless
Who took your lovely child.

Thou, who didst weep o'er Lazarus' grave,
Look on her parents' woes,
Oh ! sooth, and bid their bleeding hearts
On Thee alone repose.

Then weep not that so pure a flower
From earth's dark scene is riven,
'Twas meet that one so beautiful
Should smile, then pass to heaven.

But deck the fair young babe with flowers,
And lay her down to rest,
Calm as the moment when she slept
Upon her mother's breast.

Cease, cease, those tears of agony,
Angels have won the prize,
They on their golden pinions bear
Her to their native skies.

Oh, when life's little day is o'er
You'll meet your child again,
There, join the hallelujahs sweet,
Of faith's immortal strain.

LINES,

ON RECEIVING A CACTUS FROM A FORMER TEACHER.

The flower you gave me, teacher dear,
  Made glad my heart to-day,
And bade a thousand secret strings
  In tuneful cadence play.

Oft, as I wet its rugged leaves,
  Its growing beauties see,
I'll not forget to bless the name
  Of her who gave it me.

'T is love that makes my youthful heart
  Cling round the pure and bright,—
That sheds through all its hidden springs
  A halo of delight.

Good night, yet o'er thy peaceful hours
  May angels guard the while;
And when thou wak'st with joy elate,
  As faithful o'er thee smile.

DIALOGUE.

POET AND MUSICIAN.

POET.

The billows of ocean are dashing on high,
And dark forests wave and the hoarse winds sigh;
The thunder is pealing its terrible roar,
And twilight is painting the lonely shore;
Such sounds are sweet to the poet's ear,
But, child of Music, what seek'st thou here?

MUSICIAN.

From the grandeur of thunder I borrow the power
To swell the loud organ in calm vesper hour;
From the wail of the night wind so mournfully low,
I catch the rich cadence of sorrow's deep flow—
Mellifluous harmony bursts on mine ear;
Then, poet, ask not why I'm lingering here.

POET.

In the grandeur of nature, so awful, sublime,
Where forests re-echo the downfalling pine;

In such sounds is there nought that discordantly breaks,
To destroy the rich fancy thy genius creates?
For voices untutor'd now burst on thine ear;
Is there nought in this wildness or harshness to fear?

MUSICIAN.

From the bosom of nature all harmonies flow,
And couldst thou her wondrous arrangements once know,
Thou wouldst find her vibrations exquisitely sweet;
For the waves of old ocean that break at thy feet,
The gemm'd arch above, and earth's dullest clod,
All swell the same chorus—"Our author is God."
When Music, companion of angels divine,
The sister of Poesy, left her fair clime,
A halo to throw o'er man's desolate way,
And light up his soul in adversity's day,
On nature she looked, and her spirit rose high:
Ah! here the rich treasures of harmony lie.
But say, sister spirit, what glorious thought,
From the wings of the wind, has thy genius caught,
That wraps thee in holiest revery now,
And shadow-like gleams o'er thy soul-speaking brow?

POET.

My soul is o'erwhelmed—entranced with delight,
For visions of purity, lovely and bright,

Around me are smiling: alas, what am I?
Poor worm! that their radiance should dazzle mine eye;
And nature magnificent, beautiful, rare,
In features unnumber'd is greeting me here.
Oh! infinite wisdom! miraculous skill!
Look, wonder, my soul! and, adoring, be still.

MUSICIAN.

Then, sister, our art shall be blended in one;
To improve and ennoble mankind, let us on;
Regardless of trifles, all meekly we'll try
To mingle our pow'rs in the songs of the sky—
From the cot of the poor to the stateliest dome,
On the light wings of fancy together we 'll roam;
Our strains shall be dear to the happy and gay,
And the woes of the widow—the orphan allay.

ON THE DEATH OF

REVEREND DR. MILNOR.

Weep for the golden treasure,
  Just passed from earth away,—
The glories of a holy life
  Brightened the sunset ray—
A lamp whose sacred lustre,
  Beamed with celestial light—
A harp whose tones were sweetest,
  When breathed in sorrow's night.

The fatherless and widow
  He cheered with mercy's ray,
Attuned their hearts to gladness,
  And wiped their tears away;
When the frosts of age had sprinkled
  His locks with hoary white,
With dim eyes' fading lustre,
  Grew faith's immortal sight.

He is gathered to his fathers,
The crown he sought is given,—
Pleading for God's own people,
His spirit passed to heaven.
His heart was virtue's temple,
Where meek-eyed charity,
And faith, their voices blending,
Made holy harmony.

God, from the throne of mercy,
Bless'd the devoted one,
Who joyful bore thy burden,
And girt thy armor on.
Forth in the Lord's own vineyard,
So meek, so quietly,
He gave his life's best energies,
An offering meet for thee.

When sorrow's waves roll'd darkly
And blighted hope's sweet ray,
And tares amid that little flock,
Had stole the light away—
He drank the dregs so bitter,
And bowed him meekly there,—
His heart-strings torn and bleeding,
Could wake no note but prayer.

He wearied not, though fainting
For Jesus whispered peace,
The Holy Spirit comforted,
And bade the tempest cease.
There breathed a hallowed fragrance
From thy pure deeds beloved,—
Affliction hath but beautified
The gem by God approved.

Jesus so gently pillowed
That dear one on his breast,
And whispered peace immortal—
Ye angels tell the rest.
Father, thy law is mercy,
Forget not them we pray,
The flock who mourn their shepherd,
Called to thyself away.

How burned their hearts within them,
As on each holy day,
He spoke of peace and pardon,
Through Jesus, the true way.
His spirit yet may mingle
In your bright deeds of love ;—
Ye as his jeweled treasure,
His crown of joy may prove.

Yes, when the Church triumphant,
  Array'd with Christ shall stand,
God, with your aged pastor,
  Place you at his right hand ;—
With patriarchs, saints and seraphs,
  Join the seraphic theme—
Blend the sweet harps of glory,
  And swell the loud amen !

TO MY FLOWERS.

There are voices sweet to the human heart,
That, bidding the tide of feeling start,
May light up the soul with a purer ray,
And drive the frownings of sorrow away.

But the softest voice, and the sweetest tone,
Hath died on the air like a thing unknown;
'Twas the angel voice of my own dear flowers
Hymning the stilluess of the eve'ning hours.

Yet they bloom not alone for our changing earth;
The creatures of nature have a purer birth:
As we breathe our love in the softest tone,
So whisper they sweet, to mine ear alone.

Oh, come to our star-lit home, above,
Where the smile is peace and the theme is love;
Our Father hath made them for earth too fair;
Then wonder ye not why I love them dear.

They have charmed my heart with their voice of love,
Their breath hath the garland of purity wove ;
As I wet their leaves with the liquid draught,
One prayer to our Father from earth I waft.

May the graces of friendship and love the while
Illumine my soul with humility's smile,
While hope in my heart seems kindly to say,
" Oh, come to the Father, thou lone one, away."

When I go to my sleep in the peaceful tomb,
Will ye bid them live on in their beautiful bloom ?
That my spirit may join you at ev'ning prayer,
And whisper ye soft of the land more fair,
Bathe in your sweets in your sleeping hours,
And bid ye away to my home of flowers.

TO A FRIEND, WITH A VIOLET.

Ye have carol'd your parting lay, sweet birds,
And the ev'ning glow hath come,
And my heart, like a worn and weary thing
Hath sigh'd for its starry home.

Oh, they say that the bowers are ever bright,
And unheard are the accents of woe,
That the language is music and love,
In the land where my spirit would go.

Yet a voice whispers soft on the air,
These scenes thou wilt visit no more,
And my heart sadly echoes the tone,
Our day-dream of gladness is o'er.

Then take the sweet violet, beloved,
By the thoughtless, unheeded, passed by;
'T is prized by the modest and pure,
O cherish it fondly for me.

So live, that the radiance of hope
  May be blended with mercy's sweet lay.
And the incense of charity pour
  Her fragrance o'er life's thorny way.

When the twilight hath mantled the earth,
  Then come to our evergreen bower,
And if spirits may visit the earth,
  I'll come in this beautiful flower.

O, I would sing to the broken in heart
  The song of the children of light,
Proclaim the glad tidings of bliss,
  From the land ever blooming and bright.

Then take the sweet violet, beloved,
  By the heartless, unheeded, pass'd by;
'T is prized by the modest and pure;
  Oh, cherish it fondly for me.

PENSIVE THOUGHTS.

I seek not earth-born pleasures,
Their transient smiles, though bright,
More rapid than the meteor's flash
Quick vanish into night.

But, if our Father pleaseth,
I'd ask a spirit, pure,
A heart to holy thoughts subdued,
In promised joys secure.

Charmed with a peace immortal,
Thy love my theme shall be,
And seek, in singleness of heart,
Alone, to worship thee.

When tempest tost and weary,
By sorrow frowned upon,
Still may my chastened spirit say,
"Father, thy will be done."

My heart's torn strings are breaking,
  Yet one sad tone will come,
All I have loved are gone to thee:
  Oh, may not I come home?

In thee my hopes all treasured,
  Then frown, affliction's night:
Thy cross, my chosen refuge,
  Thy smile, my only light.

Send down thy Holy Spirit;
  This harp, so late unstrung,
Shall vibrate then its hallow'd chords,
  To faith's undying song.

TO A FRIEND.

Oh, weep not thus, my sister dear,
Or burst this heart with pain ;
I cannot bear these burning tears
Thy youthful cheek should stain.

Thou art as fairy-like, as when,
In our childhood's happy hours,
We gathered pebbles by the brook,
Or played among the flowers.

But my heart is sick, for secret grief
Is rankling in its core :
The star that o'er my spirit shone,
Will smile for me no more.

Then weep not, sister, though I seek
A quiet, peaceful home,
In yon secluded convent, where
No thought of earth can come.

In shady grove, by fount or bower,
Comes on the stilly air,
A voice that biddeth sorrow's child
Fly to the house of prayer.

That thought, upon my early years
Has cast a holy spell—
Oh, I must end this weary life
In the lone convent cell;

For here, unnumbered snares are spread
To lure the soul from heaven:
There, passion sleeps, each warm desire
To penitence is given.

Sister, our hearts have melted long
In tenderest sympathy,
Yet must we part, for angels smile,
And bid me come away.

Go, on thy faithful Savior's breast
Pour forth thine agony;
His joy it is to soothe each pang,
And wipe thy tears away.

But, when in pensive thought thou walk'st
Beside the murm'ring rill,
And smiles alone the evening star,
When Nature's voice is still;

Oh, think of her whose earnest love
  Was shared by thee alone;
May not her prayers at that sweet time
  Be mingled with thine own?

Affection's lamp shall never dim,
  I will not love thee less,
And morn and eve, for thee I'll ask
  Increasing Holiness.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

Awake, or lost in slumber,
So softly on mine ear
There falls a voice of music,
'Tis thine, my mother dear.

The same sweet voice that taught me
In life's young morn to pray,—
In love's persuasive language
Would charm my soul away.

She calls me to the regions
Of fadeless glory bright;
Soon may the orphan, mother,
Her voice with thine unite.

Oft, oft I should have wander'd
From truth's bright path astray,
Had not that voice recalled me
Back to her pleasing way.

I've felt, when griefs distracting,
My sinking soul distress'd,
I'd give a thousand worlds to pour
Them on a mother's breast.

Yet will I suffer gladly,
For oh! to me is given,
To know thou smil'st upon me,—
To hear thy voice from heaven.

FAITH.

Life is a wild, tempestuous sea,
  And thou who sail'st its waters dark,
By constant prayer should win the light
  Of faith to steer thy fragile bark.

For winds adverse will ceaseless blow,
  And waves roll o'er the helpless one,
Yet if in Christ thy refuge be,
  Thou'lt know thy Father's will is done.

In conscious virtue may'st thou rise,
  For oh! thy God is watching near;
He knows thy frame, and will not strike
  One blow thou hast not strength to bear.

Think you the Infinite, the Wise,
  Would form a glorious world for nought,
Create in his own image man,—
  Endow with loftiest flights of thought?

Or would the Son immaculate,
Leave the bright portals of the sky,
To heal, instruct, to be despised,
And meekly for our ransom die ?

Or hope, the fairy child of flowers,
O'er earth her soothing fragrance fling,
If love in the omniscient breast
Were not the all-pervading spring ?

And nature's tuneful voices teach
The cheering lesson to mankind,
'Tis MERCY prompts, 'tis LOVE directs
The acts of the Eternal mind.

Then know thy Father's will is done,
When gathering ills above thee low'r;
Christian, 'tis but the furnace fire,
To try thy faith's victorious power!

LINES WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.

Beloved, if a heart sincere
May wake a single lay to thee,
Friendship, the star of honest truth,
The burden of my theme must be.

Not that which would her semblance wear,
Which fawning sycophants protest,
Though 'tis a jewel—till the wand
Of faithless fortune shade the crest.

Not such is friendship faithful, true;
Changeless as heaven, her smile of light,
None, none her priceless worth can know;
But see her in affliction's night!

Yes, see her as she kindly brings
The words of sympathy and love,—
Steals the sharp edge of grief away,
Then like a watcher from above,—

Her vigil keeps, and gladly strews
Bright flowers, life's lonely way to cheer,
Whose fragrance, though delightful now,
Will sweeter be each coming year.

Oh, dearest! may'st thou never know
The pain of false affection's sting;
But friendship, till life's latest hour,
Her blossoms o'er thy spirits fling.

TO MISS ANNA SMITH,

Who being deprived by illness from attending church on Christmas, desired me to bring her a Christmas-green.

Hark! from the portals of the skies,
Celestial strains are heard,
And heaven's eternal armies sing
"Glory to Christ, the Lord."

Say, Mortals, shall your tongues be mute
On this high festival?
No: let sweet hallelujahs rise;—
It doth become you well.

Forth to the sacred courts of God,
So joyfully repair;
I'll keep the Christmas in my heart,
Though I may not be there.

Then from the holy altar bring
One Christmas-green to me,
A dear memento of the church
I love so tenderly.

The glowing tints of health you loved
Passed from my cheeks away;
E'en hope seems veiled in starless night,
Yet I'll not weep to-day.

A low, still voice is whispering joy,
I join the choral lay;
I feel, I know the Savior smiles,—
I cannot weep to-day.

Oh, then from God's own altar bring
One Christmas-green to me,
A dear memento from the church
I love so tenderly.

REST ON THE ROCK.

I dreamed—and my mother stood by me. I was weeping—she said, "Cynthia! do not weep—*Rest on the Rock!* CHRIST IS THE ROCK! Rest thou on HIM!"

'T is midnight now, in slumber lost,
They dream the passing hours away;
I only wake, and mem'ry's lamp
Lights up her pure and hallowed ray,

That burned in days of innocence,
Made holy by a mother's prayer;
Days, sacred to affection's birth,
For oh, a mother's smile was there.

But she has gone, and since that time,
How many clouds have frowned above
The skies, so tranquil and serene,
When guarded by maternal love.

One night—oh, 't was a pleasing dream!
I looked upon my mother dear;
The melody of that sweet voice,
Fell, as of old, upon mine ear.

"Weep not my child, though thou art left
Alone, life's thorny way to tread!
Rest on the rock! and Christ shall be
A pillow to thy sinking head!

"Rest on the rock! Christ is the rock
Of ages! be thy refuge there!"
Then to the realms of light she flew,
And left upon my cheek a tear.
"Rest on the rock,"—those precious words,
The safeguard of my life shall be.
Let me not fall; when lured to sin,
Oh, aid me, Christ, to rest on thee!

TO MRS. W., ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

My much loved friend, we hail with joy
  Thy birth-day's bright and happy dawn;
We wish thee health, we wish thee peace
  And pleasure on thy birth-day morn.

May heaven its blessings on thee send,
  And love's pure flame thy soul inspire;
In friendship's bright and lasting chain,
  Be circled ev'ry fond desire.

Then when thy youth has pass'd away,
  And lingering age comes creeping on,
May children bless their mother dear,
  And strive her kindness to return.

Thus may thy days be brightly told,
  A bless'd uuruffled tale of love;
And when thy spirit hence is called,
  Oh! mayst thou rest in peace above.

TO DOCTOR CLEMENT'S.

With joy one day I touched my lyre,
To music tuned each gentle string,
Anxious to find a theme to please
The friend of whom I loved to sing.

What goddess now shall I invoke?
Who will thy guardian spirit be?
Peace silent stood, and Love was mute,
Hope smiling said, "take me, take me."

For I love to see the spirits glad,
The wounded heart, eas'd of its pain,
The cheek once dimm'd by sorrow's tears
Radiant with joyous smiles again.

I'll gild his path in pleasure's hue,
His heart from care and sorrow free,
These beauteous flowers are mine to strew,
Therefore I say, "take me, take me."

Hope, then, shall be thy guardian blest,
Illume thy soul with her bright ray;
And should dark cares invade thy breast,
Shall gently chase those cares away.

When fade the transient joys of earth,
And friendship's every tie is riven,
The hope that cheered thy spirit here,
Shall light and guide thy soul to heaven.

LINES,

Written on board the Knickerbocker, Capt. St. John, as a token of gratitude, for the free passage of herself and fellow pupils of the New-York Institution for the Blind, August, 1844.

Awake, my muse, thy magic lyre;
Thou, Gratitude, my lay inspire;
Benevolence! of life the spring,
It is thy praise I joy to sing.

We cannot view night's radiant queen,
Or dewy lawn, or murmuring stream,
Or plant, or flower; or fondly trace
The smile that decks the human face.

But knowledge, pure effulgent beam,
May brightly o'er our dark minds gleam,
And dear Religion's hallowed smile,
Our ev'ry earth-born wo beguile.

Yes, He who from high rolling spheres,
Delights to hear his children's prayers,
Beholds thy deed, in kindness given,
While angels bless the boon, in heaven.

When fade youth's rosy tints away,
And life hath told its little day,
Oh, may this deed, like Spring's sweet flowers,
Gently perfume thy twilight hours.

Farewell! may hope's celestial ray,
Gladden thy life's perennial day:
One flow'ret we would offer thee,—
Oh, may the gift accepted be!

'T is gratitude! our souls would prove
Its holy breathings from above;—
We all, as one, this tribute bring,—
Accept the blind girl's offering.

THE ORPHAN.

I am an orphan;—early the buds of joy,
By death's resistless hand were nipped:
Strangers with tenderest solicitude
Watched o'er my early dawn—love wearied not,
Nurtured affection's gushing spring, and taught
My infant thoughts to breathe the simple prayer,
To Him, the source of untold excellence.
Yet, spirit of my mother dear! I have
Sweet thoughts of thee; they tell me of a broken
Heart that mourn'd its fondest idol crushed;
How meek thou bow'dst beneath the chastening rod,
And whispered "All is well." When terror's king
On his dread errand came to summon thee,
Even then, in view of thy Elysian home,
Thy heart with joy and gratitude o'erflowed;—
My lips received thy last expiring kiss,
Then to the Father of the fatherless
Thou freely didst resign thy little one,—
Smiled on thy friends, and sweetly fell asleep.

More precious than the far-famed oracles
Were to their votaries, are my thoughts of thee;
Deep garner'd in my heart, and watered by
The tears of filial love, they ever bloom.
When strangers kindly proffer'd me their love,
And on me words of fond endearment shower'd—
What though my soul with grateful transport thrill'd,
A void there was, which naught but thee could fill;
Not that I loved them less—the place, sacred
To thee, another's image might not hold.
And then I thought how sweet thy voice would sound
Could I once hear its gentle tones again;—
Oh! when thou com'st to whisper peace to me,
As oftentimes thou dost, forget not those
Whose kindness thy lone orphan oft has bless'd.

TO MRS. HOLSMAN

Of Greenwood, New Jersey, after a party of the Blind had passed a day at her beautiful residence on the banks of the Passaic.

My soul with rapture waking,
  Would touch its sweetest string;
To scenes so gay—so beautiful,
  Its humble tribute bring.

Thy eloquence of beauty,—
  Thy landscape, broad and bright,—
Greenwood! what pen may paint thee,
  In all thy heav'n-rob'd light!

Aurora smil'd serenely,
  In a clear cerulean sky,
When our little party left our home,
  And said the kind good-bye.

Wild flow'rs bloomed around us
  In nature's glad array;
And uncag'd birds in joy of life,
  Warbled from spray to spray.

Sing on, sing on—your merry notes,
This language seems to speak,—
"You're welcome to our sunny home,
To our beautiful retreat."

Through shady woods we rambled,
By sportive fancy led,
And gathered birch, and sassafras,
And wreaths of laurel made.

On rustic seats, beneath the trees,
At noon's meridian glow,
We listen'd to the whisp'ring breeze—
The placid water's flow.

Oh! I could ever linger here,
Mid fairy scenes like this,—
Forget life's pains, and think the world
A round of daily bliss.

Sweet home of rural pleasure,
Thy flow'r-decked vale and grove,
Nature and art have joined to make
A paradise of love.

These scenes we shall remember;
But to our hearts, more dear,
Are the kind friends who welcom'd us,
These heaven-lent joys to share.

Good night! good night! ye lov'd ones,
May angels guard your rest,
And when, like flow'rs, ye waken
To life and joyousness,

Oh, may your days glide calmly,
As blithesome be your hours,
As the sweet birds, who welcom'd us
To your sunny home of flowers.

WRITTEN FOR

THE LADIES' SEWING SOCIETY,

Lyons, Wayne County,—the village in which the Author passed her early years.

Friends of my childhood's rosy hours,
Accept the heart's poor offering;
I cannot still the glowing thoughts,
That love and gratitude would bring.

Oh, 'tis a joy for earth too bright,
To hear each dear, familiar voice,
That soothed my mother's bitter wo,
And bade her *sightless child* rejoice.

Those orbs for ever veiled in night,
On ocean's breast, or murmuring brook,
On human smile, or star-gemmed arch,
Alas! may never, never look.

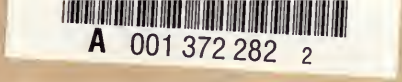
Knowledge with *Truth's* immortal ray,
Hath made a mental world for me;
Religion wiped my tears away,
And *Jesus* bade the sightless see.

For you, my muse her lyre shall wake,—
Who came at mercy's call sincere,
To soothe the poor, to aid the church;—
I joy to meet you *thus*, and *here*.

This interchange of holy thought,
In mutual love all hearts will blend;
How like a paradise this place,
Where each in each may meet a friend.

Then weary not, though tempests lower,
And sorrow cast a withering blight;
Angels reward your pious deeds,
As morning rays disperse their light.

'Tis but the incense of the heart
That prompts this poor and artless lay;
May *hope* her sunshine o'er you shower,
And flowers bedeck life's thorny way.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